Foole. I haue vſed it Nuncle, euer ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gaueſt them the rod, and putſt downe thine owne breeches, then they for ſudden ioy did weep, and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethee Nunckle keepe a ſchoole-maſter that can teach thy foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. If you lie, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and ſometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kinde of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nunckle, thou haſt pared thy wit a both ſides, and left nothing in the middle; heere comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
Me-thinkes you are too much alate it'h frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no neede to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes neither eruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking foorth in ranke and (not to be endured riots) Sir, I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you protect this courſe, and put on by your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholeſome weal, might in their working do you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity muſt call diſcreete proceedings.

Foole. For you trow Nuncle, the hedge-ſparrow fed the Cookow ſo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon.

Gonorill. Come ſir, I w
wiſedome whereof I kno
diſpoſitions, that of late
are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe
whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here
Lear walke thus? ſpeake
tion, weakneſſe, or his di
king; ha! ſure tis not
Lears ſhadow? I would
raignty, knowledge, & re
daughters.

Foole. Which they, wi

Le. Your name faire g

Gon. Come ſir, this ad
your new prankes; I do
right, as you are old and
you keepe one hundred K
ſo deboyſt and bold, th
manners, ſh es like a
more like a Tauerne or B
it ſelfe doth ſpeake for i
that elſe will take the thi
traine, and the remainde
as may beſort your age,

Lear. Darkneſſe and
together, degenerate baſ
a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my pe
ſeruants of their betters

Lear. We that too lat
your will that we prepar
hearted fiend, more hide
then the Sea-monſter, d
men of choiſe and rareſt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.